

AN ACTOR'S STORY.

Related by JOHN COLEMAN.

INTRODUCTION.

ON THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY.



"KE," the manager of our little company of stock-players, and I, were on the road to Kilmarnock. We had left Glasgow for Glasgow by train, leaving our luggage there was not much of it to be seen for us. While we walked on to Kilmarnock, Mr. John Campbell—popularly known as "Long Willie"—who would be "good" for a sovereign. As we went to Kilmarnock, we found "Long Willie" was "under the weather" himself and the expected sovereigns dwindled down to five shillings—which was the entire amount of his night's share for acting "Bertram" in the gloomy but powerful tragedy of that name.

When the play was over Mr. Jamieson took us to his lodgings, gave us a hearty welcome and a hot supper, after which I sat and listened while the veterans acted "their young encounters of a week." Amidst their pleasant reminiscences Pike happened to mention the name of "Curly." At the second Jamieson became sad and silent. After a while Pike inquired:

"What is he the?"

"God knows!" replied the other. "I've not seen him for a month or more. He has burst out when the anniversary of that awful time came round. He generally stays away for a month or six weeks, and comes back without a word, and resumes his life where he left off, just as if nothing had happened. Poor Curly! Poor Curly! But there; what is it Mistress Macbeth says—"

"Things without all remedy Should be without regard; what's done is done!"

So sign up and clear out—that is, if you mean to go to Kilmarnock to-morrow. Good-bye, young gentlemen. I hope you'll be luckier than this weather-beaten old villain and myself. Stick to the 'text'; study night and day; and who knows, you may take the world by storm one of these days."

"I'll try," I said.

"Good! Good! Good! Remember, there's no such word as 'fail.' Good-bye, Pike; good luck to you at Kilmarnock."

And so we took our leave of "Long Willie," and sought our humble hostelry, where ten minutes later I lay flat asleep, not even dreaming of the influence that accidental encounter with Mr. Jamieson and his odd way to come were to have on my future destiny.

Next morning, after we had paid our score, we had only eight pence left; but what is money when you have youth, health, strength and ambition? Thank God! I had all these; as for my companion, poor fellow, he had no many rules of fortune that he was equal to my fate. By the way, his name was not "Pike" at all; he had merely arrived at that sobriquet from his marvellous voice, and his extraordinary facial resemblance to the pike fish. He had fulfilled one short engagement in Edinburgh or Glasgow some thirty years before I met him, but all the interest involved had been passed vagabondizing about in fairs and fairs in the small towns of Scotland. He was always in debt, always in difficulty, but somehow or other he always kept a light heart, and always had a pleasant word for everybody.

Although it was in the month of May, the snow was on the ground; fortunately for us it had been frozen into a fine crisp consistency. The sun flushed the horizon with a tender violet, lighting the hills with fire, and making the distant road, which lay before us, alive with rubies and emeralds and other precious stones, set in great masses of gold and silver. Of course, when we came up with them our magic jewels vanished—no, not quite vanished, they had only gone a little further off, and we followed them in their track, just as the people follow in the pursuit of pleasure in Noel Paton's picture. It was, indeed, a lovely morning, and the young blood ran riot in my veins while the birds chirped and sang to me from every bush. I was in love with my art, and the present cried seemed to me the "rough track" through which greatness must pass. I flattered myself that I was another Edmund Kean in embryo—besides, was I not about to open at the Theatre Royal, Kilmarnock, in Romeo? (Alas! this Theatre Royal turned out to be a barn over a stable!) I was Romeo already. I must confess my mind was sorely exercised as to my future Juliet, Miss Madame Montmorency. Was she short or tall, slim or stout, dark or fair? I may as well state at once that she turned out to be old enough for my mother, and wore a false "front," so I think it was called. I was to have a guinea a week and a benefit, all the receipts, after the shares and stock debt were taken up. So, building these castles in the air, I trotted along, full of the delightful anticipations of youth and hope; while, as for Pike, he was as jolly as usual. About midday we stopped at a farmhouse a little out of the main road, where he negotiated a lunch of oatmeal and milk for sixpence out of our little store. When we had done, a simple justice to our frugal repast he took a pull at his pipe, and then we resumed our journey, beguiling the time with snatches of song and theatrical reminiscences, of which he had an abundance. Incidentally he mentioned the name of Curly; then he stopped and changed the subject. This reminded me of the hitch in the conversation on the preceding night, so I ventured to inquire who and what "Curly" was. After some hesitation Pike told me the story I am about to relate—a story remarkable enough under any circumstances, but rendered still more remarkable by an incident which actually occurred during its narration. Had it not been for this strange coincidence the narrative would not have needed this introduction.

CHAPTER I.

DONALD'S DEBUT.

As I despair of reproducing Pike's happy knack of spinning a yarn, I must tell his tale in my own prosaic way.

Many years ago Donald Campbell was a writer to The Signet, in Edinburgh. As for his writing, he did nothing but compose verses, and very bad ones they were. He was young, well born, well bred, of pleasant and engaging manner, very handsome, and very idle. "He was the only son of a mother and she was a widow"—left with a small annuity bequeathed by her husband, a distinguished officer, who fell at Waterloo.

Donald was an assiduous diner-out, great at balls and parties, plover a capital game at billiards, went to the theatre frequently, and sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of the players, among whom he posed himself as a man with expectations. In person he was a young Apollo, tall and straight as a dart, fair complexioned, a pure Greek face, straight nose, eyes blue as sapphires and bright as diamonds, a head of sunny hair which fell in a mass of golden curls about his neck. Yes, the hair was very beautiful, but unfortunately there was not much worth speaking about under it. His face and his hair were very much admired—the latter obtained for him the sobriquet of "Curly," a cognomen which clung to him throughout his life.

This in evening young gentleman generally began the day by shaking hands with himself, and admiring his handsome face in the glass. Then he condescended to permit the poor fool mother to worship him during his breakfast, after which he sallied out for his morning game of billiards. In the afternoon he sunned himself in Princes street, "to give the girls a treat," as he modestly put it. After that an early dinner (in those days late dinners were not in vogue), then the theatre or the dance, whichever presented the greater attraction.

Usually his poor stupid head had room only for one idea; but at last he managed to smuggle in two at one and the same time. His first idea was, on the strength of his handsome face and comely carriage, to make a wealthy marriage. In order to enable him to carry out this highly laudable object, he managed, through his father's name and his mother's influence, to get himself nominated for a contest in the Middlesex constituency; and a very pretty figure he made in his uniform whenever he had a chance of alighting it. His second, and it must be confessed most dominant, idea was to go on the stage and make his fortune. Others had done so, why should not he?

At that period there were not—at least not in Curly's set—many marriageable young ladies of large fortune, so he contemplated seeing "fresh woods and pastures new." But there was a difficulty not wholly unconnected with coin of the realm, so he was condemned to vegetate in "Auld Reekie," at least for the present.

He was now five or six and twenty, and had never done a hand's turn to make himself useful in his life; nor, indeed, had he the slightest intention of so doing. His mission was to be ornamental, and to know it. Could he only obtain an opportunity of displaying his manly beauty on the stage, he would have been content to vegetate in London and worship him. Sublime inspiration! He would get up an amateur performance for the purpose of providing the Highlanders of the Hebrides with breeches. To illustrate the importance of small clothes, the comedy of "The Belle's Stratagem" was selected, and Curly was to be Doricourt. He had alighted on his feet. He was a born comedian—he had animal spirits in abundance—his laughter was contagious, and he was sublimely and unconsciously impulsive. That he was good looking no one could deny. In fact, when Sir George Trenchard exclaimed: "Confound the dog, how handsome he looks!" every one endorsed the opinion. Next day the blockades in the papers pronounced him a genius and a prodigy—that, in fact, he had only to show himself in London to excite such a storm of admiration, as the late Charles Kemble, Elliston, Jones, and the rest of the London players. The resident light comedian was a very distinguished actor, but, of course, he wasn't to compete with the new Doricourt!

Curly's mother, a strict Presbyterian, by no means approved of her darling's disgracing the house of Campbell. By exhibiting himself as a stage player, and several differences of opinion arose between them on the subject. These jangles culminated in a fit of apoplexy, which cut short the old lady's life and his means of living, as of course, his mother's annuity terminated with her existence. To do the lad justice, he was very fond of his mother, and her loss was a great blow to him. She had left him a small hoard of two or three hundred pounds, which she had scraped together with great difficulty; but he soon made "ducks and drakes" of that, and was melting away rapidly when Harry Johnston, the "Scotch Rascal," as he was called, came down from London for a few nights to "star" in his native city. Johnston was a very handsome man and a very fine actor. His acting was a revelation to Curly, who became a rhotic paragon, and distinguished himself by the demonstrative fervor of his admiration. On the last night of his engagement the Roscius intimated that he had been driven out of London in consequence of having taken the liberty to thrash that "old Adonis of forty," the Prince Regent, for insulting his (Johnston's) wife, and that he had taken the theatres at Aberdeen and Dundee, and was now going to settle down in management in his native land. Next day Curly put one of the actors to introduce him to the new manager, and succeeded there and then in obtaining an engagement. He had achieved one step on the road to fortune.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Upon joining the company at Dundee, Donald engaged in Doricourt and at once made a great hit. Now "Long Willie" was the tragedian of the company. Although the stronger and more manly character, he "cottoned" to Curly at once, and, notwithstanding his frivolity and weakness, became greatly attached to him. They occupied the same apartments, and soon were firm friends—"friends at the age when friends are brothers." Decidedly Master Curly's lines were cast in pleasant places. Everybody was kind and considerate—for the young beggar had a most ingratiating way with him—and despite his egotism, which habitually asserted itself with frank and perfect self-belief, he was petted and spoiled by both the men and women in the company, just as if he had been a great, handsome Newfoundland dog. Johnston put him forward by degrees—"nurse" him gradually into an important line of business—conceded him in several of his own parts, spread abroad the report that he was a man of fortune, who had taken to the stage as a pastime, made a friend of him, and took him into society, where he became a great success socially as he was artistically. At Aberdeen he was even more popular than at Dundee. The ladies admired him especially—indeed he was the idol of the hour. At that time, before the railways were in existence, the advent of the players in a country town was an important event.

Mr. MacAllister, the factor of the Duke of S—, a man of large wealth and considerable local influence, had an only daughter, who, besides being a great beauty, was an heiress in her own right, being entitled on her majority to an income of ten or twelve thousand a year, bequeathed to her absolutely by her mother, Flora MacAllister was hot-blooded, impetuous and utterly unconventional. She fell in love with Curly at first sight. Every time he came and she occupied a conspicuous place in the boxes. The regular rumors as to his position in society may probably have increased her infatuation. However that may be, every drop of blood in her veins thrilled at the sound of his voice; she thought of him by day; he dreamed of him by night. On his part, he was attracted by her beauty and her distinguished demeanor, and the first thing he

did every night when he came on the stage was to look up to her box.

Flora was by no means a typical Highland girl—not, at least, as we understand them—for she was dark as night, with an abundance of dark brown hair, a beautiful oval face, wonderful large gray eyes, which flashed with fire or melted into tears with equal facility. Her figure was tall and



She occupied a conspicuous place in the boxes.

stately, but superbly rounded. "In joining contrast with her beauty," said Curly, "the fair-haired Curly's heart went out to this dark-haired beauty." "The eyes can be as good as the tongue," and though no word had passed between them they understood each other perfectly. His difficulty, however, was to obtain an introduction, for although Johnston was a frequent visitor at MacAllister's house he had never once invited Curly to accompany him. MacAllister intended his daughter's hand for his young friend Daniel Dempster, the Laird of Strathmure, whose estate adjoined his own. As for asking the young lady's consent that was quite superfluous—if she didn't know her own mind her father did. Johnston, from behind the curtain of his box, frequently observed the open doors which nightly took place between the young people; he saw how the lady lay, and he thought it his duty as a man of honor to lend no countenance to this sort of nonsense. Love, however, laughs at all precautions—surmounts all obstacles; and, of course, in the fulness of time, Curly and Flora met.

There was a grand ball given at the assembly rooms upon some public occasion, and everybody, who was anybody, was there. The belle of the ball, beyond dispute, was Flora, and it was equally unquestionable that the "swell" of the ball was Curly. Yes, he was decidedly "the star of the goodly company," the cynosure of all eyes—admired by all the women, detested by all the men.

Among the former there was but one opinion: "He was all too lovely"—among the latter he was the most insolent puppy that ever walked on two legs. Hard words, however, break no bones, and he floated about sublimely insouciant, respectful in his comely uniform—his ambrosial looks floating about his brow in a golden nimbus—his head and shoulders towering over everybody. Beside these personal advantages, he was the only man in the place who knew how to handle a woman in a waltz, and as it was a new dance he was consequently the one most in demand. He and Flora had been in the room for three mortal hours, continually meeting, almost touching each other, but never once daring to speak. He only waited his chance. At last it came, Johnston had just finished the waltz with Miss MacAllister, and they were promenade the room together, when they came face to face with Curly. Before the manager had time to escape Donald requested an introduction, and when the next waltz struck up Flora was waiting about in his arms. It was the old story, that has been told a hundred, yes, a hundred thousand times. Of course they had known each other all their lives, perhaps in some other life, etc., etc., they danced together for the rest of the evening. Society took note of this, and society was shocked. Johnston shook his head. Mr. Daniel Dempster, who had been selected by Mr. MacAllister as his future son-in-law, was not a dancing party, and he shook his fist furiously, and longed to make it acquainted with Curly's head. Then, for he was "wanny," Dempster inquired of Flora "if she didn't feel tired. Might he not for the carriage?" "No, she was not tired, the ball had only just begun, and Mr. Dempster need not order the carriage." So saying she returned to the waltz and to Curly. The Laird of Strathmure was a giant of six feet two, with the chest of a hawk, and the legs of an eagle; a large chest, a broad pair of arms and a bit like a short hammer. A dangerous person when put out of the way. He was put out of the way now. Casting a baleful glare on his rival, he made all sail for the card-room, where he found his father-in-law that was to be in the "mud holes." Obviously he couldn't interrupt him then, but when the rubber was over and MacAllister had lost the game, through his partner having revoked, Dempster related his grievance to ours already, unfortunately, disposed to anger. The two men returned to the ballroom hastily, and sought Flora, who was at that instant about to begin another dance.

"Come, Flora," said MacAllister. "Time's up—carriage is waiting."

"So sorry, papa," she replied, sweetly, "but I'm engaged to Mr. Campbell for the next waltz. Let me introduce him to you."

Curly blandly murmured in his most ingratiating manner, "Delighted—delighted—I'm sure." The music struck up and away they went, "pursuing, encircling, caressing." MacAllister stood dazed and dumb-founded; at last he muttered:

"Well, d— his impudence!"

Dempster said nothing, but made up his mind, if ever he got the chance, that he would break every bone in Curly's skin.

During the waltz the lovers arranged their plan of action. Flora's maid, Jennie MacAllister, had a brother, a carrier in the theatre, who could be relied on as a faithful messenger. Having established this trusty medium for communication, the rest was easy.

The dance being over, Curly escorted Flora to her father, but neither the "stern parent" nor his intended son-in-law vouchsafed the slightest recognition as they turned and left the room.

When the MacAllisters reached home a terrible scene occurred. The old gentleman had had too much wine or whisky, or both, and he asserted the paternal authority in a manner which set Flora's Highland blood on fire. She turned round and faced him, giving him almost as good as he sent, and wound up by saying:

"At any rate, in three months' time I shall be my own mistress, and free from either coercion or insult!"

The old man replied:

"Very well; but till those three months are over you are under my control, and by G—! you don't cross 'rnder dooreste' without my permission. Don't let there be any mistake about that!"

CHAPTER III.

THE ELOPEMENT.

From that night forth Flora was never permitted to leave her father's house on any pretext whatever, but

"Story limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do, that darts love attempt."

Despite locks, bolts and bars the lovers daily communicated with each other, and it was fully arranged that they were to elope together the very day Flora came of age.

A week before that time the theatrical season terminated at Aberdeen, and the company took their departure for Inverness.

Dempster, who had kept a vigilant eye on "the play actor fellow," as he called Curly, finding that he had really left the town, relaxed his watch, and MacAllister himself breathed more freely. He was devotedly attached to his daughter, and tried by every means in his power to make her forget the stormy interview on the night of the ball. The effort was in vain, for he could not unsay what he had said, while she was implacable, and remained disdainfully silent. As for Dempster, she did not even notice the man's existence.

Three months passed away, and Flora attained her majority. The day for the elopement had arrived. It was a night of storm and tempest. Willis accompanied Curly from Inverness to see him start on his perilous journey. When all the house was at rest Flora, attended by the faithful Jennie, went forth in her lover's arms. Then, her courage subdued by her love, she melted into tears.

"Oh, my love! My prince!" she said, "fold me to your heart. Let me feel your strong arm around me, that I may know I am yours."

"Mine, and mine only, and always," the young man replied.

At this moment Willis emerged from the other side of the coach, to which he had discreetly withdrawn with the postillions when he saw Flora coming.

"Dearest," said Curly, "let me introduce my best friend to you."

"Mr. Jamieson," said Flora, extending her hand, "my husband's friend is mine."

"Madam," said Jamieson, "should you ever need a friend you may rely on me."

"I shall remember," she replied.

Then she embraced Jennie, and stepped into the coach. The lady turned away towards the house, silently weeping. The young men clasped hands, and bade each other good-bye; the postillions set spurs to their horses, and drove away.

Who the carriage was lost in the darkness Willis walked rapidly toward the coach office to catch the Inverness mail, so as to return to his duties on the morrow. "They are a bonnie couple," he said, "and I think she has ballast enough to keep him straight. They ought to be happy—and yet—I've an ill-living heart! I shall miss him more than I thought I should; he has frank and pleasant ways—and then he's so like my little brother Sandie, that's dead—the same laugh, the same curly hair, the same bright blue eyes. I don't know whether it was the laugh, or the hair, or the eyes that first drew me to him. Ah! here we are." So saying he entered the archway of the White Horse, where the mail was waiting.

That very hour Dempster dreamed that the woman he loved had fled her father's house with the "play actor fellow." This thought maddened his brain and burst the bonds of sleep. Without an instant's delay he slipped into his clothes, and, regardless of the rain and the darkness, he rushed down the High Street. From the opposite direction came the tramp of horses' feet at a gallop, the rattle of wheels and the loud tattle of the guard's horn. It was the northern mail on its way to Inverness. The sounds got nearer and nearer, till at length they were close upon him. As he stepped aside, and clung to the wall to let the coach pass, a vivid sheet of lightning for a moment illumined the horizon as brightly as if it had been noonday.

Looking up he saw Jamieson on the box; the next moment the coach had vaned like the night. The sight of the young tragedian confirmed his suspicions, and he groaned: "Curse the long-legged brute. What can have brought him here at this unearthly hour? What but to help the other scoundrel to rob me of the light of my life? Yes, yes, it must be so. Perhaps it may not be too late, perhaps—"

And so, with half racing in his heart, he ran fast as his feet could carry him to the Garloch Head.

In her agitation Jennie had forgotten to bolt the door. He dashed it open, and, rushing headlong into MacAllister's room, started him out of his drunken slumber by giving him a box on the nose. At first the old man comprehended the state of affairs he jumped up as if he had been shot. A minute later and they were in Flora's chamber. It was too late!

When he found the bird had flown MacAllister turned grim as death. "Go down, Dan! go down," he said, "and bring me my dog whip!" Dempster strode down stairs, and returned immediately with the whip. A moment after he had burst open Jennie's room. Poor Jennie! She had overheard all that she had listened to sleep.

"That'll do," snarled MacAllister. "Come out of that; none of your lumbag with me." And he sent the whip flying around her ears. "Where is she? Tell me! Black rascal, you young Jezabel, or I'll cut the liver out of you!"

The girl sprang from her bed and confronted him, with her teeth set and her eyes aglare. Then, folding her arms, she said, "Cut away, but don't let a word you get out of Jennie!"

"Curse you, then; take that—and that!" roared the infuriated father, as he sent the whip whirling into her tender flesh. Fortunately the girl had thrown herself upon the bed in her clothes, a circumstance to which she probably owed her life. Mad with rage, MacAllister plied the whip until she dropped down senseless. Then Dempster intervened.

"It's no use whipping a dead dog," said he. "D—n her! there let her lie! They're gone north by the mail; we haven't a moment to lose. I'll grieve and see the horses ready while you get dressed."

Half an hour later a coach and four horses, with two postillions, were at the door. Both men examined the priming of their pistols, both filled their flasks with spirits, then off they went through the night and the darkness.

When the chase commenced the lovers had barely two hours' start; their destination was St. Andrews. Immediately on their arrival they were to be married by a young clergyman, a friend and fellow student of Curly's. As they sped through the night, what were rain, storm or tempest to them? Their arms clasped round each other, their kisses on each other's lips—they were in Heaven! The horses were strong and well trained, the postillions were wiry and infatigable—on, they went, little dreaming that they were already being hotly pursued. At last dawn struggled over the Grampians. It was a dull, gray morning, the rain still came drizzling down, and the sun strove in vain to emerge from the mist. What mattered that? The love in their hearts made sunshine enough to illumine the universe. At this moment they pulled up. Curly alighted eagerly. Imagine his consternation when he discovered they had arrived, not at Dundee, where he intended to cross the Fifth of Tay by Broughty ferry, but at a miserable fishing village miles and miles higher up in the direct on of Perth! The

truth was, after changing horses at Forfar the poor postillions, soaked through and through, half blinded by the rain and the wet, and wholly fogged by too frequent potatoes of "mountain dew," had taken a wrong turning and lost their way in the dark. To reach Dundee was now impossible, for the horses were thoroughly blown, and the postillions refused to budge another foot. To make matters still pleasanter, the storm, which had lulled for a moment, now burst into a hurricane, the sea leaped mountains high, and at this point the birds were absolutely impassable. They must wait the cessation of the storm. Alas! that waiting!

If they were only at the other side, the holy words once said, all the fathers and lovers in the world could not unsay them. Anyhow, there was no help for it, so they rested all that day at the village inn.

It was a day of doubts and fears—a day of delicious hopes and desperate anxieties. With all poor Curly's follies he had the heart of a man and the instincts of a gentleman. Although he had told the innkeeper that Flora and he were man and wife, yet, lest the breath of scandal should hereafter faint her name, he sent that night at the ferry house, or rather he tried to sleep, for he could scarcely close his eyes for impatience and anxiety. As for Flora, she slept, and dreamed she was in Elysium.

Meanwhile, the true father and the angry lover encountered midway on the journey to Inverness Mr. Ballantyne, factor to the Duke of Athol, who was driving posthaste to Aberdeen. He had come by the direct route on the highway, and had changed horses where the mail stopped two hours before. The fugitives were not among the passengers, of that he was quite certain, and it would have been impossible for them to have reached Inverness by any other conveyance without his encountering them on the road. More than that, he had been at the theatre on the night previous, when an apology was made for Curly, who had been announced, strangely enough, for the part of Tancréd in "The Way to Goal Married." It was alleged by Johnston that "Mr. Campbell had disappeared at a moment's notice, and gone no man knew whither."

With curses both loud and deep MacAllister and Dempster retraced their steps, and returned to Aberdeen in company with Ballantyne; then, changing horses, they turned their faces toward the south.

(To be Continued.)

Red Star

COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opium, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Catarrh, Pains in Chest, and other Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get for them will receive two bottles Express charges paid by the sender on order to THE CHAS. A. WATKINS COMPANY, Sole Importers, Baltimore, Md. J. A. W. S. A.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a high grade Durham Bull Calves, and 100 head of Buck Lambs, from the Kentucky Clay Stock. Also a number of Poland China Hens.

P. C. WATKINS, South Ottawa, Ill.

SAVE YOUR HANDS, TIME AND MONEY

Hall's Patent Husking Pins.

BEING MADE WITH

RIVETS AND LACES

INSTEAD OF THREAD.

Heavier, more serviceable leather can be used, and is used, than in any other Glove.

HUSKING GLOVES, PER PAIR.

No. 49, Lined, Riveted, Full Shielded.....	\$1.75
" 48, Riveted, Full Shielded, Heavy Palm.....	1.50
" 47, Reinforced, Double Faced.....	1.50
" 46, Laced, Shielded, Heavy.....	1.00
" 45, Riveted, Full Shielded, Heavy.....	1.00
" 44, Riveted, Full Shielded, Heavy.....	1.00
" 43, Single Point Husking Pins.....	.75
" 42, Finger Cut.....	.50
" 41, Finger Support.....	.50
" 40, Thumb Attachment Husking Pins.....	.50
" 39, Right and Left Hand Combination Pins.....	.50

Any of above described will be sent by mail on receipt of price to any address. Your merchant for them or send to **HALL & ROSS HUSKING GLOVE CO.**, 145 South Clinton St., Chicago.

Yaggy's

ANATOMICAL STUDY FOR SCHOOLS.

ACHES! PAINS!

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

to remedy has yet been discovered that is so effective in all KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, etc., and yet it is simple and harmless. Science and medical skill have combined with wonderful success those herbs which nature has provided for the cure of disease. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, the distinguished Congressman, once wrote to a fellow member who was suffering from indigestion and kidney disease: "Try Mischler's Herb Bitters. I believe it will cure you. I have used it for both indigestion and affection of the kidneys, and it is the most wonderful combination of medicinal herbs I ever saw."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO.,
535 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 32x256 pages, 8 1/2x11 1/2 inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. **GIVES Wholesale Prices** direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These **INVALUABLE BOOKS** contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FLOWER STANDS (Send for SPECIAL CATALOGUE) over 25 styles illustrated. New styles. Reduced prices. **SPECIAL COAL SCREENS** illustrating all styles. Coal Screens, Coal Screen Cloth, Spark Guards, Stove Guards, Nursery Fenders, Stove Fixtures, Cresting, Iron Fences and Fences, HAIRBRED WIRE AND FENCE WORKS, 100 Lake Street, Chicago.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.
NEW TIME TABLE.
GOING EAST.
No. 2, Pacific Express and Mail..... 11:25 A.M.
No. 3, Night Express..... 11:30 P.M.
No. 4, Kansas City Express..... 2:30 A.M.
No. 5, Chicago and Davenport Accom..... 2:35 P.M.
No. 6, Fort East Accom..... 8:25 A.M.
No. 7, St. Paul Express..... 11:45 A.M.

Freight Carrying Passengers.
No. 10, Atlantic Express..... 3:30 P.M.
No. 11, Night Express..... 11:30 P.M.
No. 12, Davenport Accom..... 2:35 P.M.
No. 13, Fort East Accom..... 8:25 A.M.
No. 14, St. Paul Express..... 11:45 A.M.

Freight Carrying Passengers.
No. 15, Atlantic Express..... 3:30 P.M.
No. 16, Night Express..... 11:30 P.M.
No. 17, Davenport Accom..... 2:35 P.M.
No. 18, Fort East Accom..... 8:25 A.M.
No. 19, St. Paul Express..... 11:45 A.M.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad.
On and after April 29, 1883, trains on the C. & A. R. will pass Joliet as follows:
Express Mail..... 5:45 P.M.
Lightning Express..... 7:45 P.M.
Denver Express..... 8:45 P.M.
R. C. and St. L. Express..... 9:15 A.M.
Joliet Accommodation..... 7:30 A.M.

Express Mail..... 10:15 A.M.
Lightning Express..... 10:10 P.M.
Denver Express..... 11:10 P.M.
R. C. and St. L. Express..... 12:45 A.M.
Joliet Accommodation..... 6:45 P.M.

Lightning Express, Denver Express, Kansas City and St. Louis Express trains run daily. Express Mail and Joliet Accommodation run daily, except Sunday. Kansas City and St. Louis Express trains run through without change of cars. Morning train to St. Louis has free chair cars, and evening train through sleepers to St. Louis and Chicago.

JAY W. ADAMS,
Ticket Agent C. & A. Railroad.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.
TIME TABLE.
October 13th, 1883.

Going South.	Pass. No. 71.	Pass. No. 49.	STATIONS.	Pass. No. 70.	Pass. No. 48.
P. M. L. V. A. M. L. V.	1:45	3:45	Chicago.....	10:40	7:10
6:14	10:23	12:23	Aurora.....	9:12	5:39
6:18	10:28	12:28	Rock Island.....	9:07	5:34
6:30	10:39	12:39	St. Louis.....	8:54	5:26
6:40	10:49	12:49	St. Paul.....	8:42	5:17
6:46	10:55	12:55	St. Paul.....	8:34	5:10
6:54	11:03	1:03	St. Paul.....	8:26	5:02
7:02	11:11	1:11	St. Paul.....	8:18	4:54
7:10	11:19	1:19	St. Paul.....	8:10	4:46
7:18	11:27	1:27	St. Paul.....	8:02	4:38
7:26	11:35	1:35	St. Paul.....	7:54	4:30
7:34	11:43	1:43	St. Paul.....	7:46	4:22
7:42	11:51	1:51	St. Paul.....	7:38	4:14
7:50	11:59	1:59	St. Paul.....	7:30	4:06
8:00	12:09	2:09	St. Paul.....	7:22	3:58
8:10	12:19	2:19	St.		